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WINNODAH

AND OTHER POEMS



MARGARET DRAKE DEFOOT



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WANODAH
AND OTHER POEMS



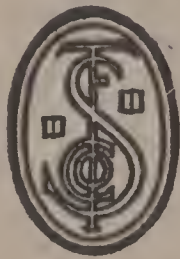
MARGARET DRAKE DEGROOT

WANODAH

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

MARGARET DRAKE DeGROOT



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TO MY HUSBAND AND CHILDREN

WHOSE LOVING ENCOURAGEMENT AND AID HAVE MADE
POSSIBLE THE PUBLICATION OF THIS VOLUME
IT IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

The cordiality with which the author's heretofore published verses have been received has decided her to issue them in this more permanent form. Some of these verses have appeared from time to time in newspapers and other periodicals. Others are here presented to the public for the first time.

MARGARET DRAKE DEGROOT

*Quincy, Illinois,
July 24, 1923*

CONTENTS

POEMS OF NATURE

	Page
Wanodah	11
The Poet	24
Nature's Heart	27
Wind Voices	28
Summer	30
The Caged Mocking Bird	31
Clouds	33
To Halley's Comet, May 12, 1902	35
Birth of the Water Lily	36
February	38
The Valley of Thought	40
Motion	41
The Mountain Region of North Carolina	43
To the Mississippi River	45
A Fragment of June	46

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

The American Eagle in the Spanish American War	49
Columbia and Universal Peace	51
Our Country	53
Columbus	56
Washington	57
Queen of the West	59
Steady, O Ship of State!	61
To the Statue of George Rogers Clark	62
My Boys in Khaki	64
When God Commands (Written in 1916)	66
A Prayer, 1917	68
Our Soldiers	70

POEMS OF FAITH AND ASPIRATION

Life and Thought	75
The Soul's Cry	76
The Pilot's Reply	78
A Dream	80
Christmas Bells	82
Christmas Musings, 1899	83
For the Philathea Banquet	85
Memory's Hour	87
A Reverie	88
A Memory of the World's Fair	90
Dreaming	92
The Spirit World	94
Hail! Farewell! Hail!	95
The Presence of Jesus	96

MISCELLANEOUS

Written for the Reunion of the Graham Families	99
For the Twentieth Anniversary of the Woman's Club of Downer's Grove, Illinois	101
Response to Toast, "The Eastern Star"	103
What the Clock Says in the Night Watches	104
In Days Agone	105
To E. H. D., Jr.	107
A Valentine to Beth	108
A Valentine to Ruth	109
To J. L. D.	110
Friends of Other Years	111
To C. E. H.	112
To Mrs. L. A. on Her Eighty-fifth Birthday	113
Sympathy	115
Greeting Ode	116

POEMS OF NATURE

WANODAH

Long years ago, beside the shore
Of Michigan's blue wave,
A wise and aged Sagamore,
Wanodah Seer, and Brave,
Dwelt with his people, counseled them,
And ruled them by his words sublime
Of wisdom deep and true, as time
And years went by.

No more he led them in the chase,
When the fleet deer they sought;
Nor in the battle's fiercest place
With swift destruction wrought;
But seated by his wigwam door
Or on the pebbled wave-washed shore,
When holy calm and night came o'er
The sea and sky,

He told them of the mighty deeds
Of braves in ages past;
How through the tall, dank morass reeds
And o'er the prairies vast,
They chased the untamed buffalo
Whose mighty trampling hosts they slew;
And eagles soaring through the blue
Fell, arrow-pierced.

How through the forest dark and wild
Where giant trees outspread,
And tangled fens where silent coiled
The spotted snake in hidden bed,
They trailed the panther and the bear
To cave and den, and darkened lair,
And slew them,—crouched in ambush there—
For blood athirst.

How the Great Spirit smiled on them,
And the green maize grew tall
And straight, where sheathed and bannered stem
Bowed lightly, each to all;
While rocked by breezes soft and mild,
And warmed by summer suns that smiled,
Nor ever torn by tempests wild,
The white ears grew.

And in swift-flying birch canoes
They rode the saltless seas,
And skimmed the crested feathery waves
As birds fly o'er the leas;
Free as the winds of heaven, and brave
As warriors who fear nothing, save
The brand of cowardice or knave,
As red men do.

The wild waves rolled in playful glee,
The free winds sang to them,
The clouds that floated o'er the sea
Brought shade and shower and balm;
The myriad stars that watched on high
Spoke to them softly, silently,
Of the Great Spirit ever nigh
To bless the brave.

One day—from the great far-off land
That first the sun shines on
And turns to gold the glittering sand
With lances bright and long;
When waking from his nightly sleep
He springs up from the watery deep,
While roseate hues fill heaven's blue steep
And dye the wave—

Came stranger warriors unto them,
Came o'er the waters blue,
And gliding to the land's low hem
Stepped from each birch canoe.

In peace they came, in peace were met,
And guided to the lodge where yet
The stately chief in quiet sat,
 To welcome them.

The calumet was handed round,
 They smoked in silence, all,
While seated on the turfted ground
 Beneath the green trees tall:
The summer breezes round them played,
Above, the lofty branches swayed,
While the blue waves soft music made,
 In lapsing chime.

Then spake one stranger-brave and told
 How from their far-off land
They journeyed while the days were cold,
 E'er yet the icy hand
Of winter loosed from streams and leas
His deadening grasp, or yet the trees
Had waked a bud, or from the seas
 Had soft wind blown.

They bade not wife or child farewell;
 None but their great chief knew
The why, or where their journey fell,
 Or when they passed from view:
Soft shone the star-lamps overhead
To guide them as they swiftly sped
With springing step, and noiseless tread
 The wood-paths down.

And many suns had come and gone,
 And moons had waxed and died
While through the forests dark and lone,
 O'er mountains high and wide,
O'er river, treacherous bog, and plain
They passed, and ever hoped to gain
The farthest shore, the shining main
 Where sinks the sun,

To sleep, in bed of burning gold
With crimson curtains, bound
With sapphire hues, and fold on fold
Of amber shimmering round;
Then draws night's shadows after him,—
Close folded round the earth's broad rim—
When wearied with his journey through
The trackless heavens and deeps of blue
He slowly hides himself from view,
And day is done.

Still spake the stranger brave, and said,
One day in their far land
A wandering wind had idly played
In the dark forest grand;
And to the pine trees told his name,
And of his home, from whence he came,
Where giant mountains tower, aflame
With light of day.

And many tales of wondrous lands
He whispered to the pines—
Of saltless seas, and green-fringed strands,
Of fertile plains stretched wide;
Of rivers rolling deep and free,
And mountains towering to the sky,
Where neither leaf, nor shrub, nor tree
May grow, but snows forever lie;
Of burning sands, and geysers dread,
By demon fires kept hot and fed;
And vales where living men ne'er tread;
Where death holds sway.*

And of the mystic sea of gold,
With flaming glories crowned
Where sea and sky together fold,
And all their wondrous mysteries hold
Where sinks the sun to rest and sleep:

* Death Valley

There, on that bright resplendent deep
A swift canoe all gleaming rides;
Drawn by white swans it ever glides
Noiselessly on those golden tides
And wondrous waves.

And the fleet brave who first shall reach
That shore at set of sun,
And stand unfearing on the beach,
Motionless, and alone,
While the white swans bring to his feet
The weird canoe, shall sit and ride
In its swift prow across that sea,
And to its farthest rim shall glide
O'er waves of gold and chrysolite,
Through opal tints, and amber gleams,—
Where sea and sky mingle and meet
And crimson glory fades and flames;
And piercing lances long and bright,
Far-reaching throw their wondrous light
Adown the shores of time and night
O'er countless graves.

And to him there shall wisdom great
Be given, and he shall see
Far down the future years, that wait
All full of destiny
For the red men of forests deep,
And roaming o'er the plain,
And on the mountain's towering steep,
And skimming o'er the main,—
A strange and mournful destiny
For them, so strong, so blest, so free!
And eagle-eyed the brave must be
Who looks it o'er.

All this the soft wind whispered to
The pine trees of the wood;
The braves who heard it whispering low
Beneath the pine trees stood.

And now they seek to find the spot
Where all these mystic wonders are;
Tomorrow they must linger not,
But journey on, afar, afar
Toward the west, from whence the wind,
And whence the sunset glories shined:
And ever journey till they find
The wondrous shore.

* * * *

Wanodah as the years rolled on
More wise in knowledge grew;
Twelve hundred moons had come and gone
Since first life's breath he drew;
But little was his tall form bent,
The lightning of his eye unspent
As through the forest wilds he went,
With deep thoughts pressed.

Prophetic voices soft and low
Oft whispered in his ear:
Like wingéd bees would come and go
Their murmur far and near:
They mingled with the evening breeze—
Soft stirring all the forest trees—
Or lapsing waves of swelling seas
That never rest.

From all the soulful sounds that spoke
To red men long ago
In Nature's rhythmic voices, broke
These haunting tones of woe:
Wanodah's soul was stirred with grief,
His heart oppressed with awe;
The mystery he strove to read,
The fated doom to know;
In the still night he could not sleep,
But when the spectral shades would creep
To westward and the glad waves leap
To meet the morn,

He by the saltless sea would tread
And listen to the song
Of waves that left their blue sea-bed
To break in spray upon
His feet, while ever whispering low
Of the dim future full of woe
For all his race;—he sought to know
Its meaning plain.

He asked the wind, the moon, the stars,
The silent depths of blue,
The river with its rocky bars,
And waters flashing through:
The sighing wind still sang its song,
The pitying moon looked down,
The changeless stars all silent hung,
And sent no answering tone.
The sapphire depths no voice returned,
The river gave no sign;
Wanodah's soul within him burned
With deeper glow divine;
Then in the forest's solemn shade
He knelt, to the Great Spirit prayed
That *He* would show the mystery dread,
The doom make known.

Long stayed he in the forest deep;
The dark night wrapped him round;
Still his lone vigil did he keep,
Low seated on the ground;
The weird owl spoke with mournful cry,
Perched in the oak-tree's branches wide;
The gray wolf's hungry howl came nigh,
Borne on the still air down the glade:
Deep in the night a crackling sound
And mighty crash startled the gloom,
When on the turf and leaf-strewn ground
A great oak bowed to time, and doom.

The ghostly shadows blacker grew,
Save where the stars' light shimmered through—
Whose watch-fires in the heights of blue
Eternal shone.

The glorious dawn came o'er the sea,
And touched the earth with light;
Threw wide morn's pearly gates, and free
And far her trailing banners bright,
Of gold and roseate hues and bars,
Streamed out into the sapphire deeps,
And waked the breezes, hid the stars,
And swept night's shadows down the steeps:
Softly the forest leaves were stirred;
Soon wakened every minstrel bird,
And waves of melody were poured
In joyous song.

Wanodah came at set of sun
Unto the restless sea;
Slowly he walked, and stood as one
Who sees, yet does not see;
Around him came his warriors then,
The maidens, and the wives;
They loved their chief; those fierce red men
For him would yield their lives:
But now they gazed at him with awe,
And stood in reverent silence by;
For on his noble brow they saw
The mystic seal of prophesy.
He stretched his hand toward the sea—
The purple mists hung darkly there,
Like veils that shroud futurity,
And shut the prying gaze out, where
The present meets with the beyond,
As meet the rolling sea and sky
At the horizon's farthest bound,
And baffle still the searching eye.
His eyes pierced through the mist, and veil,

And as he looked his cheek grew pale;
His lips moved in impassioned wail
And utterance strong.

WANODAH'S VISION

"They come! Great, moving, strange-shaped
things

With motionless and outstretched wings
Come o'er the waters deep and wide!
Are they pale gods that on them ride?
Or warriors with faces white,
And cruel hearts, and arms of might?
They come! I see them fill our land!
They crowd us back! My warriors, stand!
Meet them with poisoned shaft and bow:
Meet them as red men meet the foe!
From the great forest, and the plain,
Come! Drive them back across the main!

"All vain: ye cannot stay them. Where
They stand dark grows the startled air
With smoke and noise that strike to slay
All that oppose their onward way.

"Look! Listen! What is that I hear?
Time's mighty changes: year on year
Rolls by with noise of thunder-sound,
Like waters on a shore, rock-bound.
Where are the warriors of the wood
And plain? 'T was here their lodges stood:
Gone! like the leaves of summers past;
Gone! swept away by treachery's blast;
Ground 'neath the haughty white man's tread
Lies even their dust,—graves of their dead!

"I see great dazzling piles of stone,*
And towers that gleam, where white clouds shone
By the deep waters! Look! far back
Over the plain the bison's track

* Chicago

Is seen no more! The forest trees
Are gone! The wind and whispering breeze
Wail round dark frowning walls of stone,
That list not their complaining moan.

“Is that the noise of whirling wind
That twists the giant oak, and rends
The tall pine, when the Great Spirit shows
His anger to His evil foes?
Listen! the roar is not of wind,
But sound of wheels on stones that grind;
And bells, and many voices strange,
And whirring sounds that mix and change.
Strange forms are there that move and go
With breath of smoke, and fiery glow;
Now swifter than the eagle’s flight,
Now slowly creep with curbed might.

“The hurrying ages sound a knell.
Lo! Through the air its dire notes swell!
And from the depths, the far, the near,
Float tones that prophet ears can hear.

 List! from the vast
Abysmal caverns of the Past—
Where the gulfed years in shadows throng—
Comes wailing up the cry of *wrong!*
Of broken treaties where broad lands
Were wrenched by force from weakening hands.
And through the darkening air comes near
The moan of warriors slaughtered, where
In fortress strong or wooded path
The pale-faced braves they met in faith:—
Of famished children left to die
In wintry lands when snows piled high.

“On, doomful years! Ye cannot bring
Aught now that can appal, or wring
With anguish more, the red man’s heart.
Of the dead past he is a part,—

Sunk in the hardening sands of Time,—
A stepping-stone to men that climb,
And think, and dare, and grappling wrest
Deep secrets from great Nature's breast.
The fiery lightning tamely creeps!
It leaves its clouds and billowy steeps
And mighty thunder's crashing roar,
To speak their words, and own their power!

“Where the strong eagle winged his flight
Swift barks are sailing through the light!
In caverned depths of earth below
The lightning-speeded carriers go!
There points a weird form to the sky
And brings great rolling worlds anigh,
With rivers long, and forest trees,
And wondrous plains, and gleaming seas!
Down from that distant shining star
Falls the faint sounds of life afar!”

Wanodah's voice grew low and faint;
His eyes still gazed afar,
Still fixed on what he strove to paint,—
Those visions passing there.
Then low he sank upon the sand:
All reft of strength was he;
Close round him came that warrior band
Swiftly and silently:
And swiftly, yet with noiseless tread,
The dark-browed maidens near him spread
Of bear and bison skins a bed
Where he might rest.

With tender hands his warriors laid
Him on that regal couch,
While night drew 'round her curtaining shade,
And soothed with dewy touch
The sea and land: Lo! bright and far
Glittered and gleamed the evening star,

Where the cleft mist rolled wide ajar
Its riven crest.
With one long sigh Wanodah's soul
Went out into the Vast.

Near where the sea-waves ceaseless roll
And their white spray-wreaths cast,
Those warriors his deep grave made—
With furry skins soft lined—;
While bow and shaft, and tomahawk,
And wampum strings entwined,
And pemican, they brought for him,
And plumes in his long locks to braid:
Then with his totem robe o'erspread,
With mournful dirge and chant, they laid
Him low to sleep.

* * * *

Now fateful centuries have fled,
And left vast changes wrought;
Lo! a great city lies outspread
'Round that lone burial spot,
Where the blue waves, no longer free,
'Gainst pier and sea-wall fret:
And unchained winds from o'er the sea
Seek lea and forest yet,—
Complaining round the walls of stone
With sigh, and wail, and sobbing moan,
Like wandering souls, that seek their own,—
From out the deep.

And when the city sleeping lies,
All hushed in night's deep calm,
From heights of the mysterious skies
The changeless stars look down—
The same eternal stars that swung
Through the dusk arches of the night,
Above the red man's tented home,
And the startled night-bird's flight.
Oft the lone watchman on his beat,
At midnight's spectral hour,

Sees standing in the silent street,
Gazing at dome and tower,
Or gliding swiftly, silently,
By the low wall that curbs the sea,
A tall and stately form, and free,
Of Indian mold.

A broidered totem robe he wears
Around his shoulders thrown:
The aspect of a king he bears,
A king without a crown.
Whence comes he? Whither does he go?
Ask the dusk glooms that wrap the sea;
Or the dark, baffling mystery
That wraps Life, Death, and that eternity
Where the wide Past, and the To Be,
In one are rolled.

THE POET

Whence come the thoughts and fancies
That surge through the Poet's soul,
Bright as the lightning's glances,
Grand as the thunder's roll;
High as the heights of Heaven,
Deep as the depths of woe;
Changing like hues of even,
Brief as the sunset's glow?

He hath gone deep down in the mines of thought,
Its hidden gems to the light hath brought;
He hath reached the stars with his subtle brain;
From their circling orbs caught a deep refrain:

A soul came from the Lord; a breath, a thought,
Exhaled from His pure Presence, floated out
And into form of living spirit came;
Then spotless, pure, and bright, he wandered on
Where the white light of God fills all the great
unknown—

Past rolling orbs that gleam, and suns aflame
With molten fires that pierce th' empyrean steeps,
And circle in their vast and rhythmic sweeps
Through the infinite deeps:

Where fire-mist worlds, just launched aw whirl,
Their violet and amber myst'ries swirl,—
Tremulous with joy, their untried paths to trace:
And mingling lights from many a distant star,
In quivering, tangled lances from afar,
Glimmered and shone through intervening space:
And round him fell like trailing garments bright
Those iridescent hues of woven light
That never know the night.

Still on he drew—obedient to the hand
That holds the circling systems in command,

And gives to each his own appointed way—
Awhile the music of the rhythmic spheres,
Deep swelling through the far, eternal years,
Bathed him in all its melody sublime,
That breaks unheard against the shores of Time;
Unheard its glorious chime.

So came this soul to Earth; took form of man,
Was born to walk Earth's paths for life's brief span
And wear man's dual crown of joy and woe;
But ever with him dwells through changing years
The faint, sweet memory of the distant spheres,
And colours all Earth's scenes with heavenly glow:
In all the myriad charms of sunset dyes,—
In tinted clouds afloat in azure skies;
In the returning miracle of spring—
The resurrection and awakening
Of Earth from wintry death, to summer's warm,
Full pulsing life of passion, and of charm:
In purple heights that melt in sapphire deeps,
And lowly vales where golden sunshine sleeps,
He sees faint reflex of that radiance bright,
(And haunting memories of the infinite)
And the far fields of light.

In the hoarse moaning winds that sweep amain,
Or the soft music of downrushing rain
In its glad haste to meet earth's warm embrace;
In purling stream that sings in wooded spots
To violets and sweet forget-me-nots,
Its rippling lovesong filling all the place;
In all, through all sweet sounds, he ever hears
Soft echoes from the far-off interspheres,
And the eternal years.

To him is plain the language of the flowers
And leaves, of birds and bees through summer
hours;
And all the myriad voices of the earth,
The ceaseless murmur of the ocean waves

That whisper secrets of the coral caves,
Where pearls lie hid and fair green isles have birth;
The golden lances of the noonday sun,
Or moonbeams pale, and starlight's radiance spun,
To him a message bring.

All nature speaks, and he interpreting
The mystic utterance, voices it in song:
Then o'er earth's sordid strife it floats along
Where weary toilers sigh, and the mad rush
Of mammon's slaves life's holiest feelings crush.

Its tender cadence falls, and when men hear,
Their souls to pure and true impulses stir:
And noble thoughts are born of melody
And high truth in the Poet's song; so he
Fulfills his ministry.

Sing on, O Poet, Minstrel,
Above the noise and strife;
The greed of gold that crushes
All holier aims of life!
Sing of diviner Duty,
With man's life interwove;
Sing of earth's mystic beauty,
So full of life and love.

Sing to the heights of Heaven!
Low, reach the depths of woe!
These both to man are given,
Heights, darkest depths, to know.
And if thine own heart acheth,
Then better shalt thou sing.
Aye! sweetest music waketh
The heart-strings swept by pain.

NATURE'S HEART

Is it in the deep, still woods,
Or in the desert solitudes—
In the hurricane's wild might,
Or in flaming boreal light—
Throbs its mighty enginery,
Pulsing full through Nature's veins
Life, till life triumphant reigns?

Where dwells the great creative power,
The Infinite, whose will alike
Creates a world or forms a flower,
Unchains the forces of the earthquake dread,
Or plants the coral in the ocean bed;
To whom the eons of Eternity
Are as the passing of a summer day?

Infinity of power—from whence came
All thought, all action? Whence the flame
That lit the fire-mist worlds—the Thought
That, breathed on chaos, slowly wrought
Completeness from the incomplete, and spheres
Of beauty, rounding out through countless years?
Whose vision pierces past the utmost bounds
Of endless cycles, on through endless rounds
Of cycling eternity, yet bends
To note the sparrows fall and see
The outstretched hand of suppliant humanity?
Jehovah, God, is Nature's heart
Of whom all pulsing life is part!

WIND VOICES

What are the wild winds saying
As they sob and sough o'er the lea,
With voices almost human?

The wild winds minstrelsy;
Like the moan of a tortured spirit—
One moment wailing nigh,
Then shrieking off in the distance,
Through trackless space they fly.

From the Frost King's reachless fortress,
Aflame with boreal light,
And the iceberg's dreary splendors,
Comes the North wind in his might;
He breathes, and the frightened waters
Grow pale 'neath the veil he brings.
His breath trails in icy fetters
That far o'er the earth he flings.

Like plaintive minor music
Comes the voice of the sweet South wind,
As he sighs for the tropic flowers
And warm vales left behind;
He breathes of orange blossoms,
And sweet magnolia trees,
And the mock-bird's vesper love song,
Borne out on the evening breeze.

The East wind wails round the cornice,
His breath is damp with rain;
Of the billowy sea he telleth,
And the leagues of misty main;
The brown leaves dance in his pathway
Their whirling dance of death;
The stripped trees shiver, and moan, and sway,
At the touch of his chilling breath.

The West wind breathes his story
Of the far Pacific shore,
Of snow-capped mountains hoary,
And wide plains spreading far,
Where the free winds meet and revel,
And the hurricane has birth
When kindling clouds in their mad glee swirl
With the storm king in his mirth.

SUMMER

She came to us so wondrous fair,
With full flood-tides of beauty rare;
Transfusing life through earth and sea
With miracles of alchemy.
Her trailing robes of brightest bloom
Were wove in Nature's mystic loom;
Her perfumed breath like tropic flowers;
Her retinue of golden hours
And birds, and bees, and fluttering things
That flashed the light from glinting wings.
The zephyrs came with soft caress;
The blue sky bent as if to bless;
A thousand forms of happy life
Woke at her touch. All earth seemed rife
With joy and love, nor dreamed that blight
Could touch this form of life and light;
Nor dreamed there lurked a cruel foe
With gleaming blade to lay her low.

I saw her next when cold and dead
She lay upon a mossy bed;
Some brown leaves wreathed about her brow,
No perfume on her white lips now;
Still on her breast the frost blades lay,
Just where the foe had struck to slay.
Fled was the retinue so bright,
The forms of life and wings of light;
Black-bannered clouds their dark pall hung,
While wailing winds her requiem sung.
They wove her shroud of drifting snow,
In the yawning past they laid her low.

THE CAGED MOCKING-BIRD*

Above me bends the soft blue sky,
And near the waving branches green
Their cool shade give; the gentle wind
Comes whispering of the bloomy sheen
Of fragrant honeysuckle bowers
And the free flashing mountain stream.
The white magnolia opes her heart
Of gold to the sweet south wind's kiss,
And sways in languid joy, to dream
Where the warm, loving sunbeams glance,
And shifting shadows wave and dance.

Away! I'll leave these prison glooms!
I'll swing in green magnolia trees!
I'll gain the honeysuckle blooms
And in their dewy fragrance bathe
My fevered, trembling wings! When night
Fills all the circling purple steep,
I'll sing the yellow moon to sleep
With rapturous song! Up! up in flight!

Alas! My bruised and maiméd wings!
These cruel bars my flight restrain!
List! A note from yonder copse
Quick answering to my anguished cry!
It nearer comes, nearer, and stops
Beside my prison strong. Ah! friend,
How vain thy sympathy! Alone
By death my freedom may be won.
Go, friend, the poison berry bring.

* It is said that if a cage containing a mocking-bird is hung out under the trees in the South, the wild mocking-birds will come near the cage and seemingly express sympathy for the imprisoned one; then fly away and return with a poison berry, which the little prisoner eats,—and dies.

My captors think I sing;
They say, 'With music's sweet delights
Our caged mocking-bird requites.'
'T is but despair voiced in song
They hear. Go on swift wing,
Sweet friend, the poison berry bring!
I'll spurn these prison bars,
And to my honeysuckle stars,
And green and white magnolia trees,
Beneath the soft, blue Southern sky,
Free, free in death, I'll fly!

CLOUDS

The night is drear, the murky clouds
Have hid the light of moon and star;
Like restless ghosts in misty shrouds
The silent-moving fog-wreaths are:
Complaining winds make voiceful moan,
The leafless trees in answer groan;
And storm and darkness reign alone.

While gazing through my window-pane,
Into the night of cloud and gloom,
I know that in some happy clime
Bright sunlight falls o'er fields of bloom;
While birds and bees through golden hours
Wing happy flights among the flowers,
Or rest within the leafy bowers.

My soul looks through her casement bars
Into the night that girds her round,
And sees not light of moon or stars—
With Stygian clouds environed, bound.
The deepening darkness, drear and dread,
Fills all the space; the light has fled.

Yet stands my soul undaunted there,
For well she knows beyond the night,
Upon some happy, distant sphere,
Are life, and love, and bloom, and light,
And all the pent soul longs for here:
While Faith's bright lamp within her burns,
Life's mystery into radiance turns.

As through the mystery of the tomb
Comes life from death, and light from gloom,
On some bright day, in some bright sphere,
Our eyes shall see all mysteries clear.
For God is God, and reigns above,
And through His hand the cycles move,
Unfolding still Infinite love.

O soul, upborne by courage high!
The courage born of Faith and Hope;
Earth's dark environment defy
To wrest thee from Christ's mighty love,
Or hold thee from thine upward flight,
Afar from earth, and clouds, and night,
To perfect life, in perfect light.

TO HALLEY'S COMET

(Written May 12, 1910)

Hail! wanderer bright, with your starry light,
And far trailing breath, fraught with blessing or
death.

Why this ceaseless quest with no halting or rest,
Through infinite deeps that your mystery keeps?
What seek you, that through Time's long æons
you go

With unwearied force on your star-strewn course?
Seek you rest, restless one, in your wanderings
long

Through the spaces afar, past the uttermost star?

Where Abraham slept, or his night-watches kept
On Mamre's plain, in the ages ago,
Did your wonderous blaze meet his upturned gaze
In the star-gemmed height of some Judean night?
Did you pilot the quest of the wise men blest,
When seeking the King in a low manger lain—
Then rush far again from the vision of men
Ere they lifted Him high, on the rude cross to die?

O wanderer strange, of an infinite range,
Bring you blessing or blight in your fast nearing
flight?

We shall live when your light is but darkness
again,

Or you find your first rest in the fiery breast
Of some vast flaming sun, and your long quest is
done.

We shall live while new suns shall burn out and
grow cold,

When the old becomes new and the new again old.
We shall live while God lives, O wanderer bright,
With the far trailing breath and the starry light.

BIRTH OF THE WATER LILY

O lily fair,
Can aught in Heaven excel
Thy beauty rare?
Thy silken petals fold
A tremulous heart of gold,—
Where hidden glories dwell,—
Caught from a sunset sky
Of amber dye.

O lily fair,
Have angels passed this way,
And from their garlands bright
Let fall these drops of light
And bloom so rare?
Or came ye forth to meet
The touch of angel feet,
For one swift moment pressed
On waters blest?

Forth from the gates of light
An angel passed one day,—
Swift through the azure skies
To where the sunset dyes
Bathed all his garments white
In gold and purple light;
Through quivering bars of amethyst hue,
Opaline, amber, gold, and blue,
Swiftly he passed.

Swift o'er the city proud
The angel passed, nor paused,
But to the surging crowd
One glance of pity gave:
O'er towers and turrets tall,
O'er dome and marble hall,
Where avarice reigns, and merciless greed
Crushes out human life and need,
Swiftly he passed,

To where a valley fair
Lay like a prisoned gem
Between tall mountain heights,—
Still bathed in sunset lights;
And like a diamond rare
A little lakelet there
Lay quivering under the evening breeze—
Languidly stirring lake and trees;
Softly he paused.

Sweet was the mystic spot,
The angel felt its power;
Folding his pinions now,
Low bent his radiant brow;
Once touched his shining feet
That tranquil sleeping wave;
One startled kiss it gave,
One mystical moment of thrilling delight,
And lo! on its bosom bloomed
Lilies of light!

Then from the evening sky
Caught he the amber dye,
And in each Lily-breast—
Trembling in sweet unrest—
Left he the tint of gold;
Perfect they now unfold;
Their wondrous beauty links heaven and earth,
And blest is the spot where the
Lilies had birth.

FEBRUARY

The wind is moaning through the trees,
The leafless trees and bare.
The snow lies glistening on the leas
In fleecy billows, and the breeze
Has tossed the feathery flakes and made
Low hills and hollows in the glade;
While noontide sunbeams flash and fade
Among the branches there.

The jay flits by on azure wings
That match a summer sky;
His shrill voice through the wide air rings,
As on a swaying branch he swings;
And far across a stretch of snow
In answer caws a querulous crow,
Whose sable comrades, circling low,
Repeat the changeless cry.

The days hold mystic hints that thrill
The air impalpably,
And with prophetic promise still
Brood over vale and snow-clad hill.
The prisoned waters wake and move,
Reach out to find the widening groove,
Then eddy swiftly to the cove,
Rejoicing to be free.

The warm sap stirs low in the mold,
Touched by the subtle spell;
Life trembles in earth's underfold,
Where fibered roots its pulses hold;
And sealed aurelias silent lie
Beside the kindred mystery
Of leaf and branch, and towering tree,
In buried seed and cell.
While happy earth in ether deeps
Rolls on her sunbright way;

By milestones—through the starry steeps—
Of measured seasons, still she sweeps;
Nor haste, nor loitering is hers,
Through long unknown, uncounted years,
That range infinity.

THE VALLEY OF THOUGHT

There's an enchanted valley where sometimes I
 stray,
 Shut in from Earth's clamor and strife;
Far removed from the haunts of the thoughtless
 and gay,
And the soul-wearing burdens of life.

The sunbeams fall there with the secret of light
 Folded up in their bars of gold:
The star-lighted shades of each peace-brooding
 night
Their lessons of wisdom unfold.

There the winds wake to music sweet chords that
 were heard
 To tremble with joy long ago,
When the morning stars sang, and the sons of the
 Lord
Shouted back their glad pæans below.

In those shadowy nooks are weird pictures un-
 rolled,
 Of deeds, and of men passed away—
Where the shimmering light from the centuries
 old
Sifts through with its time-softened ray.

A magical place is this enchanted vale,
 This quiet sequestered spot.
Its deep hidden fountains of peace never fail,
 This mystical valley of Thought.

MOTION

Seas ebb and flow, moons wax and wane,
The circling planets rest not as they roll.
Suns flame in far off depths, and stay
Not in their ceaseless sweeps athwart the vast!
While giant systems keep their endless quest
Through unimagined gulfs of cosmic space,
And rush with puissance through the star-sown
 maze
 And limitless expanse.

Eternal motion through creation runs;
Minutest atoms move in their unrest.
Impulsed to constant change of poise,
Though circumscribed infinites'mally,
To their small orbits true they ever range.
All things their motion keep; the wondrous whole
Of all creation seeks an unknown goal!

And man, proud man, finds not abiding place!
Moving from birth to death in life's swift race,
Impelled by forces that he cannot know
He enters life, and on impelled to go
From infancy to age, where grief and pain
And memories alone companion him;
 Thence onward drawn
Through the dark gates of death, to the unknown.

Where is the mighty magnet that enthralls
Suns, planets, systems, galaxies of worlds,
And holds them, leashed with most stupendous
 power,
That they stray not from given paths, nor move
Unchecked by that strong grasp omnipotent?
Whose influence touches e'en the minute world
Of atoms, stirring them to wild unrest?

Somewhere, amid the vast ethereal space
Where universes swing with spheric rhythm,
And wide eternities in cycles trace
 Duration's endless reign;
Beyond the scope of man's small, finite mind,
Beyond his wildest dream of amplitude,
Abides the goal of all created things—
Power underived and limitless: God!

THE MOUNTAIN REGION OF NORTH CAROLINA

O wondrous land of beauty rare!
O spot of earth like Eden fair!
Thy scenes can thrill the inmost soul,
And through it rapt emotions roll,
That lift the heart from earth apart,
Like dreams of Heaven.

In ages past, with mighty throes,
Mid lava-flood and fiery glows
Of agony, thy hills were born;
Thy mountains leaped into form
With thun'drous sounds that shook Earth's
bounds,—
Her travail moan.

O mystery, that all we know
Of life, love, beauty, here below;
All that makes Earth to Heaven akin
Must come to us through gates of pain!
And Nature's dower hath suffering's hour
With it e'er given.

Now on those heights soft shadow lies,
And sapphire tints and amber dyes
Are mingling where the dome-like steeps
Tower heavenward through the azure deeps;
Or wreathing clouds with white mists fold
Those sun-kissed summits green and gold,
Then sink to rest upon thy breast
In benison.

Nature in loving lavishment
Thy wild, grand beauty here hath blent
And garmented with summer's grace,
And semi-tropic loveliness,

In softest tints of leaf and flower
Of tangled wold, and sylvan bower,
Of vines that cling, and droop and fling
 Their festoons fair.

Through emerald vales of softest sheen,
Low nestling thy heights between,
Thy murmuring river's rhythmic flow
Makes music ever soft and low;
While fountains flash and cascades dash
 Within thy dells,

Where mock-birds through the long, bright days
Trill forth their sweet impassioned lays;
Or when pale moonlight floods the sky,
And night-winds breath their perfumed sigh—
Kissed by white-lipped magnolia flowers
And fragrant honey-suckle bowers—
Then softly still their sweet notes thrill
 The vibrant air.

The muses dwell within thy glades,
And dryads dance where fall thy shades
At misty morn or sunset's glow;
And in thy waters' gentle flow
Bright naiads play when close of day
 Brings mystic spells.

TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

AT ITS ANNUAL FLOOD TIDE

Thou livest, thou hast a soul!
O waters deep and wide!
Thy heart throbs as thy dark waves roll,
Thou swelling, restless tide!

A FRAGMENT OF JUNE

A stretch of blending tints of green,
Of sward and trees, and bloomy sheen;
The mingling blue of sapphire skies,
And fleecy clouds and purple dyes;
While over all lies fold on fold
Of summer sunshine's shimmering gold.
Sweet-scented breezes, lingering, play
Where regal roses bow and sway.
The wine of life in loam and air;
The whir of winged life everywhere;
While Heaven leans low and spills soft gleams
Of glory, while Earth thrills and dreams
Beneath the touch, and wakes to swoon
Again in joy. 'T is mystic June.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

(In the Spanish-American War)

So brave! So proud! He makes his home
Where snow-clad peaks pierce the far sky,
And the wild winds untrammelled roam
Round God's great piles of grandeur high.
He meets unmoved the thunder's shock,
And loves the lightning's flash; all free
Glad things of earth that mock
The coward hand of tyranny.

From where Pacific's blue waves break
In spray around her palm-plumed isles,
Then lose themselves in sleep to wake
Where California's sunlight smiles;
To where Atlantic's billows bring
Wealth-laden ships from many lands,
And sweeping far to southward fling
Their foam on Porto Rico's sands;

He holds in trust from Freedom's hand
The holy gift of liberty,
And o'er the sea and our broad land
Keeps watch and ward unceasingly.
With calm disdain he saw afar
The sordid strife that greed oft waged,
And grappling nations mad with war
O'er petty plots of earth enraged.

But when he stretched his great wings wide
To succor those whom tyrants spoiled,
And left his crags a time to bide
Where farthest seas grew battle roiled,
He sought the foe within his lair,
And crushed him creeping from his den,
And swept his ships from ocean where
They floated filled with chains for men.

No greed of gain nor lands, the goal
For which he left his tranquil height,
Nor lust of power stirred in his soul,
Nor coiled its influence round his might.
The strength of God was in his stroke,
The fire of Heaven was in his eye,
And 'neath his wing the isles awoke
To life, and hope, and liberty.

O Bird of Heaven, with stainless wing,
Throned on thine eyrie as of yore,
The world is watching as you bring
Sweet peace to many an island shore.
Still keep, while fleeting centuries fly,
Your deathless watch o'er land and sea,
'Neath the eternal stars on high,
As faithful and as free as they.

COLUMBIA AND UNIVERSAL PEACE

While Columbia sits empearled
 'Twixt her oceans wide and free,
And her stainless flag unfurled
 Guards the heights of liberty,

Shall she weave the bonds of peace
 That shall bind the world in one,
Until all dread wars shall cease
 In all lands beneath the sun?

Bind the treaties firm and true—
 Truth and Right are ever just—
Let the law of love renew;
 Loose the world from rancor's rust.

Bonds of unity and peace,
 Whose strong strands shall ever hold
Shore to shore, will yet compass
 All the earth in peaceful fold.

Smoke of battles shrouds the past;
 Fire and carnage, hate and woe.
Stop the war fiend's reign; at last
 Stay the red blood-river's flow!

All God's promises are sure,
 Though the centuries o'er them heap
Blood and ruin, doubt and death,
 And the putrid harvests reap.

Swift the years draw ever on
 To the bright millennial day;
Lo! we see the signs of dawn
 Gleaming o'er earth's darkened way!

Faint the glimmering light appears
 Through the rifts of battle smoke,
Through the anguish and the tears,
 Through the dungeon dust outshook;

Faint where greed of pelf and power
Blinds the sight with selfish lust,
Till the soul looks up no more
From its paltry heaps of dust;

But the light shall lift and grow
Into splendor of the day;
And the nations then shall know
Christ has come to reign for aye.

OUR COUNTRY

Fair lies our land, oh, fair and free!
Wide stretched she links sea unto sea,
With hill and plain and fertile lea,
Where lavish plenty lies.
With mountains high and yellow sands,
Deep mines of gold, and iron bands
That grip her hills with giant hands;
With emerald seas of corn and wheat
Where western winds sing low and sweet;
And snowy fields of cotton white,
Beneath the Southland's warmth and light.
With sweeps of spaces wide and bare;
And homes of love and cities fair,
Safe nestled in sweet freedom's air;
With belted zones of varying climes
Where nature strikes her changing chimes—
Close linked for aye, and ever leal
To God, to freedom, to her weal,—
This land of great emprise.

Now from our proud and lofty height,
The splendors of our noontide light,
And wealth and dominance and might,
With world-wide homage thrilled—
With freedom planted on the isles
Empearled where Carib slumbering smiles,
Or tempest-torn his white foam piles;
With ships that guard the farthest seas,
And flags afloat where the Orient breeze
Spice-laden stirs the tropic trees;
With marvelous things by science wrought
And wondrous wealth of brawn and thought,
With which the century is fraught,
The years with knowledge filled;

'T is well to pause amid the glow
Of pride and power, to turn and throw

A glance far back across the snow
Of vanished years, and see
A hero band, unhoused, unfed,
At Valley Forge: hills strewn with dead,
Or half clad men that silent row
Across an ice gorged river's flow,
Through gloom and night to find the foe.
Through winter winds and cold they stain
With bloody footprints hill and plain,
In marches where those torn feet press
Unbroken snow and wilderness.
Or faint and worn with strain and stress
When death and danger 'round them throw
Their terrors in the conflict's glow;
Mid battle smoke, and blood, and woe,
Through storms of shot and steel they go,
For love of liberty.

And he, the leader of that band
Of patriots: strong and true, and grand,
In heart and life, we see him stand!
Our Washington! The light, the life,
The soul of that heroic strife
That gave our nation birth.
He who refused a sovereign's sway
And monarch's crown, and chose to be
The patriot leader of the free!
Did he with prophet's eye look down
The coming years and see the crown
With which we crown him here tonight?
A people's love, which glows more bright,
Nor pales before the focused light
Poured o'er it from time's cycling flight,
The holiest crown of earth.

Oh, love we well our fair free land!
And honor we that patriot band
And him whose faithful guarding hand
Led them to victory!

Inspired of God to deeds sublime,
He lighted on the wastes of time,,
The torch whose gleams touch every clime!
He reared on our unconquered strand
The arch of freedom, firm to stand
Till all the world be freedom-spanned!
And to the winds of heaven he gave
Our flag triumphant, thus to wave
Forever o'er the free and brave!
Now for this deathless destiny,
And glorious centuries yet to be,
We'll hold that flag unstained and free.
We'll trace upon those folds of light,
Where e'er they float in ether bright,
God, and Our Country for the Right,
Our Flag and Liberty!

COLUMBUS

(*Written October, 1892*)

When, leaving Palos' port behind,
Thy sails were spreading wide and free,
What thoughts, Columbus, thronged thy mind?

What visions rose before thine eye?
Rose like a mirage, o'er the crest
Of widening seas, the land that lay
Far sleeping in the mystic west—
To whom thy touch would bring the day
Whose sun should brighter grow for aye?

When on the waste of waters wide,
Beneath strange skies, where strange stars burned;
And weird winds o'er that unknown tide
Swept, from dim wastes of waves that yawned:—
When wan grim faces, blanched with fear,
Closed round thee with dark threats of death,
Rose *then* that vision, dauntless seer,
That drew thee o'er that viewless path,
All things to brave in that long quest,—
The land in those wide seas impearled,
Far sleeping in the mystic West
Where freedom's banner, high unfurled,
Should greet the homage of the world?

Now we who reap the utmost gain
Of all thy toil, bring here our meed
Of honors due, when thou hast lain
Long centuries among the dead:
Thy tireless brain, heart true and brave,
Thy pleading tongue, have long been dust,
And even the chain that envy gave
Has crumbled into linkless rust.
Thy dauntless spirit, free for aye,
Hast roamed the heights of God afar;
Through grander realms hast been thy way
Through seas of light, from star to star,
Where naught thy glorious path can bar!

WASHINGTON*

Blest he whose natal day we celebrate,
With love and honor on his memory wait—
The hero, warrior, patriot who gave
His best to give us freedom; who refused
To wear a crown, or hold a monarch's sway;
And through dark years of strife led on the way
To victory, and peace and liberty.
Our Washington! While time endures and day
Shall follow night, his memory will be
Revered, and loved, and honored by the free.

Today we stand with unknown perils near,
Strangely unlike those far off days of war—
Great nations shaken, trembling to the core,
Are wildly grappling in red seas of gore;
Mad with hate's rivalry, to vengeance sworn;
Earth, sea and sky with their fierce combats torn;
Now the red hand of war reaching from far
Throws its dread shadow on our peaceful shore.

And we, the daughters of our patriot sires,
Would keep our altars bright with patriot fires
And love of country; of the pure and true
In heart, and home, and nation; and renew
Again, and yet again, our vows to be
Faithful to our loved land and liberty.

God of the patriot's hope, the patriot's faith,
Lord of the mysteries of life and death,
Guide thou our ship of state in safety o'er
The roused waters, while the storm-clouds lower;
Be thou our pilot still, and keep us true
To thee, to right, and to the mission high
Thou gavest to our fair land 'neath freedom's sky.

* Read at banquet given by Dorothy Quincy Chapter
D. A. R., February 22, 1914.

Still o'er the strand Columbia's hand, stretched
high,
Holds out the beacon light of liberty,
Of honor, right, and justice for the world;
And when the flags of war fore'er are furled
And peace shall reign
Life, liberty, and knowledge shall attain
To more and more, as the glad years roll on
In love and harmony beneath the sun.

QUEEN OF THE WEST*

Thou sittest by the saltless sea
Whose billows dash against thy piers,
Where erst they rolled unfettered, free,
Upon the shore in other years.
Thy marble piles and massive walls
Gleam in the sunlight proud and high;
Fair are thy domes and pillared halls;
Thy towers touch the arching sky.

Thy commerce spreads from sea to sea,
Winds waft and waves thy burdens bear;
Steam brings the wealth of earth to thee,
From distant climes and wide plains near;
The busy mart, the crowded ways,
And cosmopolite throngs are thine:
That others gain with length of days
To thee has come in youth's bright time.

Thou art a Queen! Columbia's hand
Hath crowned thee with a laurel crown,
And chosen thee from a sister band
Of cities fair—of bright renown—
To make for her a wondrous thing,
Wondrous in beauty, art, and grace;
That all earth's nations gathering
Within thy walls shall join to praise.

From looms of Eastern industry,
From Western grainfields waving wide,
From Northern lakes to Gulf-stream free,
From mountain-peak to ocean tide,
From all Columbia's broad, free land
The fairest and the best shall be
Inwoven by thy magic hand
In splendid structure fair to see.

* Written when Congress decided to give the World's Fair of 1893 to Chicago.

Queen city of Columbia's land,
Let Honor all thy counsels guide—
Let Justice ever with thee stand,
And Truth and Right with thee abide:
Then as the centuries on shall roll
Thine still shalt be a deathless fame,
And linked for aye, on Honor's scroll,
Columbia's and Chicago's name.

STEADY, O SHIP OF STATE!*

Steady, O ship of state!
Dangers are nigh!
Perils around thee wait,
Almost thy keel they grate;
Steady, O ship of state!
Billows are high!

God be thy pilot now,
Now as of yore;
Guide still thy stately prow
Far from each hidden foe,
Guide where safe channels flow,
Now evermore.

* Written just before America went into the World War.

TO THE STATUE OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

(IN RIVERVIEW PARK, QUINCY, ILLINOIS)

Bronze image of a patriot soul,
In posture proud thou standest ever,
Where at thy feet in grandeur roll
The waters of our regal river.

And bathed in freedom's sunlit air
Lie bay and isle in tranquil grace,
While fertile plains of plenty near,
Stretch wide in billowy fruitfulness.

And nestled safe amid her bluffs
And bowering trees, neath bending skies
That catch their azure from God's blue
Immensity, in beauty lies

The city; with swift hurrying feet,
And marts of trade, and commerce free,
And cosmopolite ways that meet
And blend in peaceful rivalry.

Thou art the image of a soul
Who braved the cold and waters deep,
And arméd foes, and march of toil,
To win this fair land for our keep.

Not his the splendor of our way,—
Flags far afloat, to empire grown—
His was the troublous yesterday
That laid the deep foundation stone

Whereon we build. Not his the joy
Of heritage, of wealth, and power,
The grand achievements of our day;
Marvelous attainments of the hour.

He wrought his work. Ah, did he see
Far down the years, how it would grow,
And grow to splendid destiny,
And height of fame? Ah, could he know!

Stand ever by the rolling river,
Bronze image of that patriot soul;
May vandal hands disturb thee never,
Nor war's dread terrors round thee roll.

Fore'er while flows our regal river,
Forever till the sun grows cold—
While men love freedom. Yea, forever!
May peace our fair, free land enfold.

MY BOYS IN KHAKI*

When Freedom, trembling, reeled before the foe
And called in peril dire across the foam—
Called to her sons afar for succor, lo!

She heard the quick response flash back: We
come!

Swift o'er the waves we speed by day and night,
Eager we follow where our colors go;
With hearts athrob for liberty and right.

Hear now, our bugle blast and martial drum!

Danger and death we dare where billows sweep
Wild o'er their leagues with fierce tempestuous
might:

Where murderous U-boats haunt the mine-strewn
deep,

And thick lie splintered wrecks in Ocean's keep.
We come where cruel, devastating Huns

Stride rampant o'er the shorn and shackled
lands,

Or burrowing deep in earth their deadly guns
Send shot and shell o'er lea and ocean strands:

We come, we come to set the nations free
And give the world Justice and Liberty.

Foremost among those sons of hero-blood

To answer Freedom's call, my boys in khaki
stood,

Four knights of freedom's army there enrolled;

One veteran soldier brave, and three of younger
mold

Swift left their books and school at Freedom's
cry;

Like Samuel of old each answered: "Here
am I!"

I speak each hero's name proudly and tenderly.

* Written at the request of Dorothy Quincy Chapter
D. A. R., to be read at open meeting—1917.

No brave crusaders neath an Orient sky
Had greater courage in their kindred cause;
None purer held more stainless banner high,
Nor truer hearts beat neath those banners there;
Nor fairer banner waved o'er land or sea
Than this, our starry flag of liberty.
None braver fought or won the world's applause
Than these, our own true knights beyond the
sea.

Then fared forth Freedom's hosts and hurled the
foe
Back to his lair of murder, greed and woe;
Tore from his grasp the mutilated lands;
Brought back to hope and home sad exile
bands.
Now o'er the seas with Freedom's armies brave,
Where floats Old Glory in the sunlight fair,
And victory perches where our banners wave;
While treacherous foes bow to our mandates
there;

Where torn lands void and wasted, naked lie,
And ruined cities, villages, and homes
Give mute appeal under the pitying sky;
In martyred France where duty holds and
guides,
One of my boys in khaki still abides.

God keep our knights in khaki true,
Shield them when dangers round them press;
Their strength of purpose still renew,
And when temptation's baleful lure
Would lead astray, oh, keep them pure!
O Father, guide, protect, and bless
Our boys in khaki far away;
Thine arms of love and tenderness
Keep round our heroes night and day,
Until, with victory crowned, they come
Again to happiness and home.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS

(Written in 1916)

Low hang the lurid clouds of war,
Loud burst the deafening sounds that fill
The astounded heavens 'neath sun and star.

Where pillaged lands
Lie heaped with horrors, and the moan
Of human anguish rises o'er
The awful din of battle roar,
And piteous hands
Outstretched for aid where rapine reigns.
And earth lies red with crimson stains,
While mad ambition's cruel greed—
Potentiate in form of man—
Dictates and drives to hellish deed
His legions in the battle van.

God is above, Right must prevail,
Her banner floats o'er all our land,
Commissioned by high heaven to be
The torn world's hope and refuge free,
For victims of monarchical power,
Ground 'neath the feet of tyranny.

Now far across the troubled seas,
In those sad lands with horrors strewn,
That banner floats high on the breeze,
Fair as the glory of the noon.
While our brave soldiers gathering there
Pledge all of strength or life to give,
In earth below, or sea, or air,
That Right may triumph, Freedom live.

Brave heroes! In the coming years,
When shall be writ the story true
Of these dark days of stress and tears,
And deeds of valor great and new,

High in the annals of the brave
Shall then be told this that ye do
To save the world from despot hands,
Make freedom sure for all the lands.

No knight of old
Had braver heart, or grander cause
Than our brave men, who fight to hold
The world for freedom and for right
And for all men
In every land beneath the sun,
To give them light and liberty
From pole to pole, from sea to sea.

How can it be
That men forego sweet liberty
And fight the battles of a king,
And wear the chains that tyrants bring?
Now freedom's mighty torrents roll
In lands across the stormy sea;
They sweep where despots trod of old;
Where erst reigned monarchs, men are free!
I pray ye, men of every blood,
And men of every brotherhood
Who bide in this great bounteous land,
Come! with our heroes take your stand.
The God of Heaven is with the right,
The God of Heaven will lend His might,
And freedom yet will fill the sea,
The earth, and sky, while liberty
And peace will brood o'er all the lands
When God commands.

A PRAYER

(Written in 1917)

Send down thy power, O Lord of Heaven,
That Prussian chains from earth be riven.
Oh, from Thy throne, great God, look down;
See how Thine earth lies weltering
In blood, tortured and torn beneath the sun,
Blasted and burned, and sown with death,
And horrors that the Fiend's worst art
Conceives and fashions in his heart!

The great war-lord, ambition-mad,
Has pledged his soul for crowns and lands—
His soul firm bound with Satan's bands—
Forgetting that the prince of lies
Can give him naught but promises.
To sway his scepter o'er the world,
His flag of death he holds unfurled.
Honor and truth, justice and right,
He tramples down; and sows afar
Intrigue, and treachery, and blight,
To bring o'er all the world the night
Of brutal slavery and despair.

Silence his bold, blasphemous boasts
That Thou art with him in his deeds
Of murder, rapine, treachery;
His lust of power and pomp, that breeds
Malice and hate, and cruelty,
That sows the lands with murderous blasts
And makes Thine earth a blackened waste.

Thy children pray. Thy people cry
Unto Thee, Lord. O pitying Christ,
Come and avenge them speedily.
Shorten the days. Keep soon Thy tryst,

Make bare Thine arm, be our defense;
Come in Thy might,
Thou who art clothed with majesty,
"Render the proud a recompense,"
His evil machination blight!

O Lord, our God, whose vengeance is,
O God, who holds it in Thine hands;
Thou righteous God, who cannot see
With thy pure eyes iniquity;
Make bare Thine arm, come speedily!
Lift up Thyself, Judge of the earth,
Strike down the despot with his bands,
Discomfit him in righteous wrath,
Judge Thou the spoiler of the lands!

OUR SOLDIERS*

From field and desk and mart and tranquil home,
From north, from south, from east and rugged
west;
When sounds the bugle call to arms, they come—
Of courage and of sacrifice the test—
Giving what life holds best.

On tented fields they bide neath southern skies,
Where hot the semi-tropic sun pours down
His withering beams, while dry and parchéd lies
The scorching land beneath, blistered and
brown;
Or by wild winds of tropic tempests torn,—
From Mexic seas out-borne:

Or marching through the hot inferno
Of arid sands, amid brown cacti thorns
On Mexic deserts drear, they eager go
To bring lost peace to Mexic valleys low;
And guard our border homes.

No braver men climbed with "Mad Anthony"
The rugged heights by Hudson's storied wave,
Nor fought with Wolfe where Quebec's walls rose
high,
Nor held the embattled Pass with Sparta's
warriors brave
When Greece her noblest gave!

The world is torn with wars; our fair land lies
Unshadowed by the gloom of battle smoke,
Still tranquil 'neath her yet unclouded skies:
The quiet of her peaceful homes unbroke;—
No war-like edict spoke.

* Written while our soldiers guarded the border during trouble with Mexico, 1916.

God grant it thus may be, through centuries,
Kept in His peace, to hold aloft, empearled,
The light of Truth, and Right, and Liberty,
And keep the flag of peace and love unfurled
High o'er the darkened world.

But if to our loved land there came a foe
To spoil and devastate, to wreck our homes!
To lay our cities and our honor low,
And wrest from us our land and liberty!
To trample on the free!

Then would these soldiers rise in serried ranks
To hurl the invader back, whoever he be;
With strength of free men whose unconquered
hearts,
Untamed by fear, unbought by gold or arts,
Are to America forever true;
Their battle-cry would ring the welkin through:
Our homes, and Liberty!

POEMS OF FAITH AND ASPIRATION

LIFE AND THOUGHT

O Life and Thought, mysterious pair,
Whence came ye? Through what portals fair
And bounds of Time, whose limits meet
The vast Beyond, the infinite?

O Life and Thought, ye come and dwell
Awhile in tenements so frail,
So sorrow-haunted, rent with pain;
How long ye for the Vast again!

Why came ye to this sin-cursed earth?
Why leave God's amplitude for birth
To 'prisoned being, narrow bounds,
And life of man in daily rounds?

O Life and Thought, we only know
From God ye came, to Him ye go,
The whence, the why, His wisdom keeps
Hid from our ken, in mystery's deeps.

THE SOUL'S CRY

Give me one look into the vast Beyond—
Or light or dark, or near or far it be,—
Whither my loved have gone, the true, the fond;
One fleeting glimpse of that wide realm and still,
That lies enwrapped in mutest mystery.
So still! though thronged with warriors, poets,
kings,
And Earth's uncounted hosts who lived to die,
And passed the moveless glooms that, curtain-
ing, fill
The spaces where Death's gate unceasing swings,
And swinging, weaves its dumb and silent spell.

My soul peers forward with desire intense
Into that awful stillness, calls afar,
Where have ye gone, sweet friends who journeyed
hence,
And left me standing dazed, bereft, alone?
What lengthening leagues of space infinite bar
Us soul from soul, through which I cannot fly?
Not e'en an echo from that soundless shore
Floats back to cheer with its delusive tone:
But deeps of silence guard the mystery
Of death, which holds away from me mine own.

Where dies the cadence of that anguished call,
That never answer comes to solace woe?
In what lone reaches does it unheard fall?—
Far bleaker than Siberian wastes of snow.
Breaks that wrung cry against dark walls of fate
In gulfs of black annihilation dread?
Must hope and yearning for the light but wait
On deeps of darkness and the worm's low bed?
O Life! O Love! O Death! whose three-fold bands
Entwine around me with mysterious power,
Ye draw me captive o'er Time's desert sands
That stretch away into—the never more?

Lo! Through the murky shades of deepening
night

I see a form with gleaming wings outspread,
And eyes where hope and joy commingling light,
And feet that e'en Earth's drearest paths can
tread.

I stretch my hand to her down-reaching hand,
I take Faith's guidance through the Stygian
gloom:

Behold! God's heights eternal yonder stand,
Beyond the sullen shadows of the tomb:
O Life! O Love! O Death! whose three-fold bands
Entwine around me with mysterious power,
Draw me more swiftly o'er Time's desert sands,
For Death unfetters Life. And Love lives ever-
more!

THE PILOT'S REPLY

“O Pilot, who guides us
O'er Life's stormy sea,
I have lost my fair treasures.
Can'st find them for me?”

—OLD SONG

I have found thy lost treasures on Life's stormy
sea,
I have gathered them safely, will keep them for
thee.
When they floated away from my trembling grasp,
I caught them and bore them above the rude blast
And the wild tempest's rage: they are safe ever-
more,
Thou wilt find them again when thou reachest the
shore.

Thy Youth bright and joyous, more glorious and
fair,
Is crowned with Immortelles awaiting thee there.
Gaze not so despairingly out on Life's sea:
It is not drifting there. If thou only couldst see
The bright haven beyond, thou wouldst murmur
no more,
But, with sails all unfurled, press on to the shore.

The beauty that followed thy Youth far away,
Will be kept fresh and fair through all the bright
day,
That to thee will be measured in years here below.
Thy brow may be furrowed, thy locks turned to
snow,
But beauty immortal is kept for thee there,

Undimmed by Life's tears, unfaded by care.
Thy bright Hope, when thou findest it again, will
 have grown
To a brighter fruition; and though all unknown,
It is guiding thee onward, through darkness and
 gloom,
To the life that is bright with fruition's fair bloom.

A DREAM

My bark was on a tranquil sea
Whose light waves rose and fell,
While perfumed breezes softly swept
From isles whose lotus flowers slept.
The moon swung in the sapphire height
And bathed the sea in argent light,
And threw her mystic spell
Adown the corridors of night;
And thou wert with me; side by side,
My hand close clasped in thine,
We floated o'er the gleaming tide
In sweet content thus to abide,
Till on some far-off blissful shore
Our bark should rest forevermore.

The world and care we left behind,
Its vexing strife and noise;
Naught stirred around save the soft wind
And gentle waves; above, there shined—
Through all the flooding radiance white,
With steady, pure, unchanging light,
And an eternal poise,—
The quenchless star of Hope and Love;
Shone like a beacon from above.

* * *

The foam-capped waves rolled vast and high,
Lashed by the wild wind's force;
Thick darkness veiled the changed sky,
Where swirled aloft a canopy
Of black winged clouds,—storm's high ensign—
Till torn with many a jagged line
Of the red lightning's course,

They trailed to meet the seething brine.
The mighty thunders round us spake!
From the black depths above, below,
Terrific echoes answered back,

While tortured waves told out their woe.
My frail bark rode those billows high—
Then dashed to depths dark as despair!
I called thy name in agony!
But called in vain, thou wert not there!
Gone was the star of Hope and Love!
No light gleamed on me from above,
Alone! alone on that wild sea
Of tempest, death, and destiny!

Then knelt I to the God of Love,
 Invoked His mighty power,
And raised my suppliant hands above,
To Him whom storms nor billows move.
The phantom mists, piled fold on fold,
In sullen silence backward rolled,
 In that weird, awful hour;
Then through a rifted cloud there gleamed
A radiance brighter than the day!
Far o'er the storm-tossed waves it streamed,
 The light of Immortality!

I gazed with wonder, joy, and awe,
And, as I gazed, it brighter grew,
Till through its shining bars I saw
The blissful shore, the far-off land;
And thou wert there, thy form I knew;
While soft and clear, high o'er the strand,
Shone like a beacon light above,
The quenchless star of Hope and Love!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

The year is old, the winds blow cold,
And in the sky, all silently,
The stars keep watch.
The crescent moon hangs low and soon
Will sink from sight. O jewelled night,
Thy splendors catch
A radiance from the centuries borne.
Hark to the sound of bells around!
Now far, now near, now soft, now clear.
Ring on, ring on, O joyous bells,
And with your verberating peals
We catch again the angels' song,
Still interluding with your swells:
"Peace!
Peace on earth! Good will! Good will!"

O wondrous night on Judea's hills!
Full-jewelled gleams the silent sky;
A thrilling hush all nature fills,
While angel hosts, still drawing nigh,
Good tidings bring, of Christ our King.
O glorious throng! O wondrous song!
Whose echoes still the centuries thrill!
"Peace!
Peace on earth! Good will! Good will!"

Ring on! Ring on! O joyous bells!
And with your verberating peals
We catch again the angels' song,
Still interluding with your swells:
"Peace!
Peace on earth! Good will! Good will!"

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS

1899

The century dies, he is old and wise,
Yet he cannot stay.
But his dying gift shall the world uplift,
Of men who dare—with a purpose rare—
Great deeds and true, that heroes do;
And lend their might for the cause of Right
And the love of Truth, and tender ruth
For humanity.

We stand in the grey of the morning,
And wait for the promise it holds:
The light of a century, dawning,
Will soon flash through Time's mystical folds.
The years will have gifts in their keeping,
Folded up, that we never may guess
If they hold for us joy, or weeping,
If they come to bring woe, or to bless.

Now swells the song of victory strong,
O'er land and sea,
From Freedom's hosts on far off coasts.
While Isles that lie 'neath an Orient sky,
And those that sleep by the Carib deep,—
Where despots trod, through wastes of blood,—
Send up on high th' exulting cry
Of Liberty!

Pale captives come out of the dungeons,
From darkness, and dust of the dead.
Struck down is the hand of the Tyrant,
The Isles fear no longer his tread.
The world saw with cynical wonder
Columbia's legions arise,
To rend his foul fetters assunder
From victims whose moan pierced the skies.

Sweep on! Sweep on, from centuries gone,
Sweet Christmas tide!
While angels sing, let joy bells ring;
O'er sea and land swell the anthem grand;
Bring love, and peace, and war's surcease;
Bring truth, and right, and the fuller light,
And the living Christ to His promised tryst,
To reign, and guide!

FOR THE PHILATHEA BANQUET

Dear friends, we welcome you tonight!
Our hearts are warm, our friendship true,
As in those other springtides bright,
When we together met as now.
And now, as then, the skies are blue,
While other wild flowers deck the hills,
And other violets peep through
The grasses by the purling rills;
But the same stars shone in the sky
That shine tonight; we'll let them be
Emblems of our fidelity.
Our motto bids us do the things,
The helpful things, Christ would approve;
To soothe the sad heart's sorrowing
With blest assurance of God's love.
Give touch of joy to joyless lives
Environed by dark circumstance,
Where neither love nor hope survives
The bitterness of life's mischance.
With Charity's soft mantle white,
Broad as the bending arch of heaven—
To veil mistakes, and faults that blight;
To carry hope, and strength, and light
To souls adrift, tempted and driven.

To be! To live! To do! To dare!
To help the great world's upward lift
Toward heights of Truth and Right, that fair
Lie beckoning where the shadows rift;
While gleams of glory through them sift—
Gleams from the light of that fair day
When Right shall rule, and Peace hold sway.
No earthly meed of pomp or praise,
Nor brazen trumpet's noisy blare
Is ours: we seek the quiet ways,
Our Lord's aproval, and His care:
Though oftentimes weary hands have wrought,

And weary brains their offering given,
And feet have lagged while hearts still sought
To garner one more sheaf for heaven.

The radiant splendor of the night,
The flooding glory of the day,
Repeating miracles, as earth
Spins ceaseless on her star-strewn way,
With robes of changing loveliness,
In all surpassing grace of flow,
From summer's warmth and bloom and light,
To winter's glittering ice and snow,
While every season's pageant bright,
The spring's soft hues, and autumn's glow,
Are endless rounds of one bright whole,
Resplendent time-piece of the Lord,
Swift measuring off the fleeting years
That draw toward the promised goal,
To bring fulfillment of His word
And the surcease of sin and tears.

MEMORY'S HOUR

The fire burns low,
The flickering flame
Leaps up, then dies amid the glow;
The shadows gather in the room.
I sit alone amid the gloom:
Alone? Ah, no, for heart and brain
Are busy with the past; its light
And hopes, and joys, have come again
At memory's call tonight.

And long lost friends, whose tired hands
Were folded years ago, are near;
And while with loving smile,
As in the olden days we meet,
The hour grows bright with memory's light,
While past and present greet;—
The years of womanhood roll back—
So fraught with care and pain;—
I tread again youth's flowery track,
Its joys live o'er again.

I'd not exchange for banquet hall,
Or revelry's false mirth,
This tranquil hour, and memory's power,
Beside my quiet hearth,
And watching here the firelight fade
To live again my past,—
The happy past, that could not last,
But all too soon has fled;
Its friends, its hopes and joys, now all
Are numbered with the dead.

A REVERIE

The years have flown so fast away,
The fleeting years that would not stay:
So soft they tread, and silent glide,
With aye some joy swept from our side!
Lightly we held it yesterday—
And thought to hold it thus alway:—
My glad, sweet youth they stole from me,
And dreams of earthly bliss to be:
Vainly I sought to stay those dreams
So interwove with Hope's bright gleams!

Sweet babes were mine to love and hold,
Dearer than all Earth's treasures told;
The voiceless years sped softly by—
As falls the snow, so silently.
They took my babes and gave me boys,
Bright, loving, full of life and noise.
I clasped my boys to keep, and then
They changed them into bearded men.
And now the wide world calls them far
Where toil and life's ambitions are.

And still the weird years come and go
And work their changes, mystic, slow.
Still mutely, silently, they weave
Their spell on all I love, nor leave
Untouched one treasure of my heart;
Relentless years, with wizard's art!

Come back to me,
Lost yesterday!
And bring my boys
With romp and noise;
With hair wind-blown
And careless thrown
From brows bared to the summer sun.
With eyes alight
Like stars of night,

And cheeks aglow
With youth's swift flow;
Sweet childish voices loud or low,
And restless feet
From dusty street,
Or wet from wading in the brook
To find the minnow's hidden nook;
With hands that stain the window pane—
Or dripping with the summer rain.
I will not chide
If they will bide
With me again.

A MEMORY OF THE WORLD'S FAIR
CHICAGO, 1893

The soft, golden haze of a summer that fled,
In shimmering grace o'er the vision is shed;
A vision so fair, of a city that gleams
In Memory's light like a mirage of dreams,
With towers, and domes, and white sculptured
 walls,
And temples, pagodas, and great pillared halls;
And façades, and arches of burnished light,
And grottos and shrines in soft semi-night,
And bowers of bloom from palm-lands afar,
And spice trees that grew 'neath the tropic star;
And fountains aflash, and white ships at rest,
And a sleeping lagoon by soft winds caressed.

A city bestrewn with the world's best thought,
And its Dreamers' dreams of beauty enwrought,
She sat by the side of the passionate sea,
That stirred to its depths of mystery;
The opaline waves reached out their white hands
And swooned at her feet on the glistening sands.

The days drifted by like an enchanted dream,
And night was transformed with a splendor
 supreme,
In that city ablaze with its genii-light,
And scintillant crown than the stars more
 bright—
While the radiance that swept and spanned the
 dusk steep,
And lighted afar the foam crested deep,
Caught the lone white moon in its tangling light,
As she slowly sailed through the sapphire height.
O calm, starry spheres that looked down on those
 gleams!
O white moon that bathed in those dazzling
 streams!

Are ye sorrowful now that they come no more,
And your light falls alone on the darkened shore?

O passionate sea, with your heaving breast,
And opaline waves that cannot rest,
Lave the shore in your search for the city of light.
Leap, high-crested waves, in your eager quest
For the beautiful city so full of delight,
That sat by your side through a summer blest.

Winds that whirled in wild glee through the mazy
ways,
In those 'wilderer nights, and those joyous days,
Wail and moan, as ye sweep o'er the lonely plain,
For the marvelous city that comes not again!

DREAMING

The soft, green velvet sward beneath;
Above, the blue, blue arching sky,
Where the white clouds go floating free,
Floating, floating toward the sea;
The whispering breezes stir the trees,
And kiss the fragrance from the flowers,
While drowsily hum the yellow bees
Their love-song all the golden hours.

The purple distance melts away,
The yellow fields are ripe with grain,
And where the golden sunbeams lay,
A shimmering haze broods o'er the plain;
The soft, sweet calm my being fills;
Loosed are the bonds of burdening care,
And yielding to the mystic spell
I dreaming lie—by soft winds fanned,
And all the world is lotus land.

Nor soft green sward, nor blue, blue, sky,
Nor whispering breeze, nor fragrant flowers,
Nor humming bees through golden hours,
Have aught of care—then why should I?
And so I let the world go by,
With all its cares, and strife, and noise;
And dreaming lie, by soft winds fanned,
And all the world is lotus-land.

Sweet airy dreams that come and go,
As float the clouds along the sky;
Soft mingling of the long ago,
The present, and the yet to be,
Of vanished dreams, and loves that long
Have slumbered with the silent dead;
With here and there prophetic gleams,
Of fadeless joys, beyond life's dreams,

And glimpses of some brighter sphere,
Where yet shall meet in perfect bliss,
The sundered hearts and hopes of this.
And so I let the world go by,
With all its sordid strife and noise,—
Let others grasp its bauble toys;
Content I dream, by soft winds fanned,
And all the world is lotus land.

THE SPIRIT WORLD

“For now we see through a glass darkly;
but then face to face.”

Could our eyes but pierce the gloom,
What of beauty, what of bloom,
Would unfold!

Could our ears be oped to hear,
What a world of music near,
All untold!

All the ambient summer air
Filled with forms and beings fair;
Strains too soft for mortal ears,
Music of the whirling spheres.
Earth to Heaven is very near,
Could we only see and hear.

HAIL! FAREWELL!—HAIL!

On the fair slopes of life we met,
Where the pink dawn crept o'er the sea,
When life was young:—Ah, Life is ever young.
Life, Love and Joy age not, die not; eternity
Is theirs. Though through low vales of pain
The soul may creep, where darkness reigns
Surcharged with woe, it yet shall gain
The heights of God, and bathed in light
Live evermore!

We met and hailed! all jubilant
With joy of life, and happy circumstance
That circled us as did the ambient air;
In those sweet fields that stretch so far, so far,
E'en to the edge of time, the borders where
Time meets and merges with the infinite:
And the dull chrysalis that wraps the soul
Grows thin, so that the spirit looks clear-eyed
Into the heart of things, and stirs her wings
As if for flight.

We met and hailed, then said farewell!
Thick, gathering glooms encompassed me;
Low hung the mists, the sunlight fair
Was gone. The clouds made dark and drear
The erstwhile bright encircling day.
Joy fled, Love wept, Hope trembled where
She stood, lingering anear and poised for flight—
On those lone slopes of life I stood!

Somewhere amid the vast eternities
We'll meet again. Somewhere we'll hail
In glad surprise; and dawns as bright
As dawns of June will compass us, while o'er
the sea
Will break the Light—the Light of Immortality!

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS

Lo, I AM with you all the days, even unto the end.
—Matthew 28:20

(Tune: "Pleyel's Hymn")

Blessed Presence of the Lord,
Blest fulfilment of His Word:
"I am with you to the end,"
Saviour, Brother, Guide, and Friend.

When the storms of sorrow fall,
When the joys of earth shall pall,
Ever close, our Faithful Friend
Shall our every state attend.

Joys of earth are brief and vain,
Sorrow follows in their train;
Only God can comfort give,
Only Christ can bid us live.

And when rolls the Jordan-tide,
When we stand its waves beside,
Lo! our Guide is with us still,
All His promise to fulfil.

Blessed Presence of our Lord,
Blest fulfilment of His Word:
Jesus with us every day,
Jesus with us all the way.

MISCELLANEOUS

WRITTEN FOR THE FIFTH REUNION OF THE GRAHAMS

Where far Ben Ledi's towering height
Lifts in grey crags against the sky,
And Lock Katrine's blue waters lie
Framed in their rugged boundary,
And flashing in the noonday bright,
Or shimmering 'neath the golden light
And tints of sunset dye:

And by the banks of Loch Achray,
O'er heath-clad hill, through rocky glen,
O'er deep morass and treacherous fen,
Passed the swift feet of arméd men,
When gathering clans rushed to the fray
In days of feudal fealty,
Long past beyond our ken.

As mountain streams mid rocks arise,
From those wild scenes and years there came
The dauntless spirit of the Graeme,
Who linked with Wallace' deathless name,—
In Scottish hearts beneath all skies—
His own, in deeds of high emprise
On Scotland's fields of fame.

How the lost years touch still our lives!
Lo! from the past a spell is thrown
O'er all the years that follow on;
Throbs in what is, that which hath gone!
Through silent centuries still survives
The spirit of the past, and strives
To make its presence known.

Though now no pibroch leads the host,
Nor bugle calls the gathering band,
Nor fiery cross lights through the land,
With war's alarm and chief's command
To bloody fray and danger's post—
Where death and carnage is the boast—
With martial glory spanned,

Yet hearts with kindred blood still beat,
And clans yet bound by friendship's chain,
Now gathering, clasp warm hands again,
And sing in old-time rhythmic strain
The psalms of David, grand and sweet,
As sang their sires, when praise was meet
On Scottish hill and plain.

And the staunch children of the Graeme,
Still firm in fealty to the Right,
And swift the threatening foe to smite
When Wrong's dark ranks rise in their might
On Life's broad field; may proudly claim
The hero-blood and ancient name
Of Scotland's noble knight.

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTIETH ANNIVER-
SARY OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF
DOWNER'S GROVE

Just twenty years ago was born
The Woman's Club of Downer's Grove;
A living force of high emprise,
It 'gan in weakness first to move,
But fed by courage, nursed by faith
Whose vision pierced with prescient eyes
The future years, and saw the path
Of true endeavor upward rise,
To heights of full attainment grown
It lives today: its work is known.

How well it wrought for civic good,
For intellect and knowledge fair!
For pure ideals that have withstood
The evils rife and everywhere!

And builded well

A monument of civic pride,
A force for uplift, reaching far,
And like the strong unresting tide
Its influence knows not stay nor bar.
So potent is a deed or word,
So lasting, aye so wondrous strong,
That e'en eternity is stirred
With earthly deed, or word, or song.

Each rolling age of time is spun
From the swift moments passing on;
Inwoven with the deeds of men,
Or good or ill,
Their influence bides eternal still,
And molds the æons yet to be;
Makes glad or mars eternity;

Out-reaching far

The limits of the utmost star
That swings in rhythmic consonance
With systems in their spheric dance.

Thought-force and mind are potent still
Through all the murky clouds of war;
Or 'stounded heavens, neath sun and star!
E'en through the greed of war-mad men,
The hellish cruelty of their deeds—
Conceived by fiends,
When man with demon nature blends.

Then labor on. God is above!
Still keep ablaze your beacon light,
Though half the world be torn with wars,
And rent with ruin, dark and deep.
Their lurid smoke of battle mars
The sunlight of our broad land's sweep:
Engrave on your escutcheon fair,
America, and Truth and Right:
For Right will triumph though the world
Be sunk betimes in blackest night,
And Truth be fled
With Peace and Love, where war holds sway.
God is above! Right must prevail!
Her standard floats o'er all our land,
Commissioned by high Heaven to be
The torn world's hope, and refuge free
For victims of monarchial greed,
Ground 'neath the feet of Tyranny.

RESPONSE TO TOAST "THE EASTERN STAR"

(Read at Washington Banquet, Downer's Grove)

Roll back the cycling centuries!

Sweep the dark mists of time aside,
And see in far Judean skies

The star that rose to be our guide!

It glows with light,

While mystic rays of splendor blaze

Athwart the night.

And now,—as when on Bethlehem's plain,

Where shepherds gazed with rapt amaze,

It shines again!

And we have seen that Orient star!

We caught its gleams of fervid light,

That flashed from Judean skies afar,

And follow, as it leads aright,

"To worship Him,"

The "Fairest among thousands," sung,

A loved theme:

We stand anear the honored "Square

And Compass," too,

And though our bands are starry strands,

They bind us true.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS IN THE NIGHT WATCHES

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
The moments are gliding,—
Time knows no abiding,
But ever is going
Like swift waters flowing;
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
The hours are sounding,—
Their circles still rounding;
Fast onward they're speeding,
No protest e'er heeding;
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Black night shadows winging,
Lethæan draughts bringing;
Day rolls into being,
From coming days fleeting;
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
From birth-time to dying
The fleet years are flying!
Nor pleading, nor praying
Their swift flight e'er staying;
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

IN DAYS AGONE

Where gleam our silent, pointing spires,
Where shines the glow of household fires
On altars love has set,
Where the cold stones of pavéd street
Echo the tread of restless feet;
Here, where sweet nature loves to dwell
In grove and violet studded dell—
Roved, but a few short years ago,
The Redman with his shaft and bow
And pluméd coronet;

And rude-built wigwams erstwhile stood
In the cool shadows of the wood,
Where straggling sunbeams played,
And great trees tossed their arms in space,
With nature's wild and stately grace:
Here warriors brave, and hunters bold,
Lived, danced, and hunted in the wold;
And heard, with silent soul intense,
Their chieftain's fervid eloquence,
That fired their zeal, or stayed.

The stream that wound its rippling way
Where, thick with flowers, its green marge lay—
And round its islets crept,
Was Indian maiden's mirror true,
Where soft reflected with the blue
Of bending skies, her dark eyes shined
Like stars of night, when, as she twined
The bright shells in her floating hair,
She asked the wave if she was fair,
As softly by it swept.

Still winds the stream, but Indian maids
No longer roam these grassy glades,
And bind their floating hair;
Still wave green trees, but hunters bold,
No longer thread the tangled wold,
And plume-crowned warriors dance no more
Their war-dance when the day is o'er.
Hushed is the chieftain's voice for aye,
Nor wakens more the woodland way
With words that thrill the air.

Oh vanished race!
How have ye passed from this your place
In greening glade and dell!
Passed, leaving but these silent mounds,
Where we may trace
Some foot-prints where your feet have sped,
Some graves wherein ye laid your dead.
Dumbly before the sweep of doom
Ye went to silence of the the tomb!
And if ye strove to stay the flood
That swept ye from the plain and wood,
Ye went but swifter to the shore
Of silence and of never-more,
While wild winds sang your knell.

TO E. H. D., JR.

An echo from the past now stirs
Sweet memories of other years;
I hear again your shouts of glee,
And lilting songs, that merrily
Woke all the ambient stillness round,
When, freed from school tasks, homeward
bound,
All full of youth, and life, and joy
You came, a carefree happy boy!

Now manhood's sterner tasks and story
Fill heart and brain; somewhat of glory
Is mingling with these days of care,
Somewhat of joy is given you there;
Though some of sorrow, too, you share,
While work well done, and triumphs gained,
With much attempted, much attained,
By faith and hope and love sustained,
Your life rounds to its perfect day,
And duty points your onward way.

Time weaves his changes silently,
Unceasingly his shuttle flies:
Or light or dark the pattern be,
The tones and tints all harmonize,
And life rounds to its perfect day,
While duty points your onward way.

A VALENTINE

(TO BETH)

Be ever mine, dear maid,
My love is warm and glad;
No other love so true
Will constant burn for you;
 When skies are grey,
 And joys are few,
 'T will closer stay
 And flame anew!

Strong mother love that knows
No change, through changeful years;
Sorrow nor blight,
Nor death's dark night,
 Can quench its glow.
 'T will constant shine.
 Be ever mine.
 Your Valentine.

A VALENTINE

(TO RUTH)

I love you now while winter's wind
Sighs through the leafless trees,
And countless glittering fetters bind
The sleeping earth, who wakes to find
A soft snow-blanket o'er her pinned;
While high the burning stars are shrined
Above the glistening leas.

I'll love you when the summer's glow
And summer gladness meet;
When the sweet flowers are nodding low
Where southern breezes softly blow,
And happy birds flit to and fro,
And humming bees slow come and go,
Mid grass and clover sweet.

I'll love you when the world is old;
Her snows and summers o'er:
When the long years on years are rolled,
And all their story has been told.
In far, bright realms of light I'll hold
And love you evermore!

TO J. L. D.*

Life lies before you; fair and bright
To youthful eyes its pathway seems;
Hope throws o'er all its radiant light,
And hidden quicksands line her path,
But Pleasure waves her phantom lamp
Too often o'er the quagmire fen,
And hidden quicksands line her path
Where sink the lives and souls of men.

Take star-eyed Duty for your guide,
Follow where e'er she leads, through light
Or shade, what e'er betide;
Her pathway leads from height to height!
Bind firmly on your strong right arm
Bright Truth, and Honor, that your deeds
May shine like light in darkness thrown,
Where e'er in life stern Duty leads.

And though the world may smile or frown,
What matters it? For sweet Content
Shall bide with you, and softly crown,
With peace and joy, each day well spent;
While upward, still, your footsteps trend
Unto the heights of God, above,
Where Christ, your everlasting Friend,
Waits in His great undying love.

* On graduating from the University of Michigan.

FRIENDS OF OTHER YEARS

O friends of other years!
O loves, and hopes, and fears,—
Aye! e'en those sighs and tears—
Come back, come back to me!
Dark hang the clouds today,
And sob the winds alway,
Hope hides her face away.

Regret bides ever near,
The years are long and drear,
Filled all with strife and moil,
And unrequited toil.

O friends of other years!
O loves, and hopes, and fears,
My heart cries out for you,
So tender and so true.

TO C. E. H.

I dreamed, sweet friend, that you and I
Were walking 'neath a summer sky;
O'er living green our footsteps strayed,
Where wandering breezes softly played
Among bright flowers of beauty rare,—
No blooms of Earth were e'er so fair!
I felt a subtle mystery
Throb in the air that circled me.

And thou, thou wert thyself, yet changed,—
As one who on far heights had ranged,—
With brow so calm, no mark of care
Or taint of earth; thou wert so fair!
The fire of life burned in thine eyes,
Paling the light of earth or skies.
I asked: "What canst thou tell me, dear?
What hast thou learned in yonder sphere?"

Thou answerest me: "Love lives beyond
The gates of death. This I have found."
Oh, still thy tones fall on my ears,
Blent with the music of the spheres.
I know now that the gates of death,
The passing of the mortal breath
And fevered pulse, but frees the soul
From earthly bonds.

Forever roll
God's worlds on high. Thou hast but gone
Where life is love, some further on.
Above earth's sorrow and its strife,
Thou livest, dear friend, in fuller life.

TO MRS. L. A., ON HER EIGHTY-FIFTH
BIRTHDAY

Long hast thou journeyed on life's changeful road,
Through the sweet paths of youth, o'er stony
steeps

And oft times shadowed paths of womanhood,—
Where woman's faith has kept, and ever keeps,
Her heart from fainting 'neath its untold fears,
Its hidden pain, and weight of unwept tears.

And Love walked with thee too, and made thee
strong,

Strong with unmurmuring lips life's ills to bear;
While on thy heart and brow was laid a crown,
A mother's dual crown of joy and care.
Ah, me! What deathless love with it is given!
That dual crown and mother-love from heaven!

But Death came near and took thy loved away;
Oh, then a sword pierced through thy woman's
soul,

Of poignant grief; but Faith was still thy stay,
'Mid waves of woe that round thy heart did
roll—

And whispered soft, "Thy loved ones wait for thee,
In life, and youth, and love's eternity."

Now on the sunset shore of peace and calm
Thou sittest, and hearest from afar earth's
noise and strife,

While the soft cadence of the old sweet psalm

Floats round thee as an echo of thy life:
"The Lord my Shepherd is, by waters still
He leadeth me; and I will fear no ill."

The passing years all softly come and go;
Time leaves no foot-prints on thy spirit high.
With its eternal youth and hope aglow,
And conscious of its immortality,
In blest serenity thy soul abides
Where shines life's sunset glow on ebbing tides.

Still linger on this sunset shore of peace,
Dear friend, that we may hear thy converse
sweet,
And learn how life's unrestful fevers cease
When Patience all her work hath wrought
complete;
Linger yet with us long, our hearts to bless
With thy dear presence and thy tenderness.

SYMPATHY

The subtle sense of finer glow,
Which waked, can cause the heart to feel
The hurt which makes another's woe,
Is spark divine, God's holy seal,
Left in the human soul to prove
Its origin of God and love.

GREETING ODE*

Dear friends, we greet you here tonight,
We give you welcome glad and true:
Our Orient Star is shining bright,
And points, with mingled hues alight,
To Duty's path, to Truth, to Right,
To Constancy all sorrow through,
To Hope and Joy, and Life anew.

We welcome you with hand and heart,
Here where our Altar firmly stands;
Our separate paths, that lead apart—
In quiet homes, or busy mart,
Where duty calls, and swift feet start,—
Converge tonight when clasp our hands,
Converge and touch for this brief hour,
Drawn by our loved Star's mystic power!

* Read before Vesta Chapter O. E. S., Downer's Grove,
on occasion of entertaining visiting chapters, May 24, 1894.

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